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AT SEA IN A SAILBOAT

BATTLING FOR TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS WITH ADVERSE WINDS.

Part of a Ship's Crew Undergo a Terrible Experience After Being Wrecked In the Pacific Ocean—A Brave Woman Was One of the Sufferers.

Captain Peterson of the bark Lady Lampson, his wife and five seamen arrived in Honolulu in an emaciated condition. They came in an open boat only 18 feet long and reported that they had been 28 days tossing about on the Pacific. While the occupants of the frail craft were not entirely without provisions during their long battle with the elements, the effects of short commons and lack of sleep and shelter were palpably apparent. Mrs. Peterson, who was clad in a thin black gown, was worn nearly to a shadow, and her strength failed her completely as she was lifted from the boat and taken into the Eagle House.

The men were sunburned, leaden eyed and listless. Their heads drooped, and it was with difficulty that they could be got to speak, but Captain Peterson told in a few words that the Lady Lampson had been wrecked at night on a reef near Palmyra island when 44 days out from Sydney, and the crew were compelled to take to the boats. He was very weak and spoke in a whisper, at the same time begging that his wife be taken where she could get nourishment and a little rest.

The Kanakas lent willing hands to help the waifs of the ocean into hacks and carriages, and they were quickly driven to where they could command attention. The little boat in which they had journeyed over 1,000 miles became an object of interest for hundreds of people. It was partly decked in with canvas, and strips of the same material had been stretched above the gunwale on either side to prevent her being swamped. In the boat were a couple of nearly empty water kegs and a small quantity of biscuit and canned goods.

"I haven't had my clothing off for 28 days," said Captain Peterson when seen at the Eagle House. He was hollow cheeked and unshaven and looked indeed as if he had suffered both mentally and physically. "The Lady Lampson," he said, "was from Sydney, and we were bound to this port with 600 tons of coal for Wilder & Co. We left Sydney last November and were 44 days out when the vessel struck. We had had bad weather near Feejee, having been in a hurricane for 24 hours, but after that we had fine northeast winds until we got near Palmyra island, when the weather became dirty. It was 5:30 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 16 when we struck. I had not had an observation for two days. The night had been dark and stormy, but the water was smooth then. I knew I was to the east of the island, and that there was a sunken reef somewhere around. I was on deck myself and had two men on the lookout aloft. There is a strong westerly current there, and I guess we were going about five knots an hour with all sails set.

"Five minutes after she struck she began to break up, and I ordered the boats out. We lowered the two boats. I took charge of one, and First Mate Harry Miller took the other. In my boat there were, besides my wife and myself, Second Mate C. Brown and Seaman W. Carloon (both Swedes), Cabin Boy W. Hayden of Liverpool, F. Weller, the cook, who is a German, and E. Everson, a Norwegian sailor. The mate's boat contained a German sailor named Snyder, Oscar Magnersen, a Swede; J. Jorgensen, a German, and a seaman named Martin.

"We started for Palmyra island in company about 7 in the morning, having only five gallons of water for the two boats. The island is only 40 miles from the reef, but the current and tide were so strong that we were trying for nine days to make headway against them, but couldn't. We drifted to the westward, so I resolved to put back to the bark. We suffered greatly through want of water, and we had barely enough to moisten our tongues, which were swollen and dry.

"We found the bark settling down and the water washing over her, so we got aboard quickly and put some canned goods, biscuit and water into the boats. We rigged the boats with canvas and then started again for Palmyra island. We tried for two days to make headway, but the heavy swell and wind baffled us. Thinking I would lose sight of the mate's boat, I told him to steer for Honolulu, and I steered for here myself. We lost sight of the other boat and have had heavy gales ever since. I have only had an hour's sleep at a time during the day, and have never laid down. At nighttime the spray came over, wetting us all to the skin, and in the day we dried our clothes in the sun, if there was any. The men have been quiet and uncomplaining, even though on short allowance of food and water, and, thank goodness, we lost nobody from our boat. It was a terrible experience, though, the worst I have met with during 14 years of seafaring.

"After we passed the island of Maui we struck a storm, and the boat half filled with water. We thought then it was all over after passing through so many other dangers, but we managed to bail her out and keep her right. The first vessel we saw since we struck, 28 days ago, was a steam schooner off Diamond head this morning. I hope the mate's boat is safe, and if he steered to the eastward I think they are all right."

The Lady Lampson was well known in San Francisco. She belonged to J. J. Moore. Captain Peterson owned a quarter share in her and had his interest insured for $10,000 in the Fireman's Insurance company. He reckons that he has lost $3,000 in instruments, furniture, charts and short insurance.—Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

A Terrible Threat.

A janitor in a blue shirt was cleaning the windows of a bank at Broadway and Park place the other day after office hours, when a tramp came along, who after eying him a few moments with envy, yelled to him:

"Hello, there, you chap in the bank can't you throw a fellow out a little money? I'm clean broke, and almost anything would be welcome."

The janitor went on cleaning the windows. He heard what the tramp said but wouldn't admit it.

The tramp paused a few moments and then yelled: "Come, now, don't be a hog. There must be a million dollars in there and all you've got to do is to chuck a bundle of it out. Are you going to do it or aren't you?"

Still no response.

The tramp began to chafe under the galling hauteur with which he was being treated.

"If you don't give me some of that money, I'll start a report that the bank's in trouble," he yelled. "If ever there was a first rate hog, it's you."

After 10 minutes had elapsed and no one had taken the least notice of the tramp he began to walk slowly away. As he reached the gutter he turned round, shook his fist at the window cleaner and muttered:

"When the commune is declared, any one who wants money will only have to walk into a bank and ask for it. I'll be there, my beauty, when the day comes, and I'll point you out to the fellow citizens as an insolent and bloated symbol of wealth. You just wait, my friend, till the call to arms is sounded, and you'll find me right on the spot ready to tell what I know about the enemies of the proletariat."—New York Herald.

A Theatrical Dresser.

There is one difference between American and European theaters as marked as their schedule of prices and their ushering system, and that is in the matter of "dressers." The European manager employs about half a dozen dressers who act as body servants of the leading actors in his company and a reregular employees of the house, like gas men, cleaners and scene shifters. The American actor, however, dresses himself or else hires a man to assist him. When he does hire a man, it is usually a fellow player who is "doing" small parts and is glad of the chance to increase his $10 wages by $5 from the leading or heavy man or first comedian.

The dresser has not only to assist in changing his master's costume, a performance requiring great expedition, but makes repairs, folds and puts away the clothing, packs and unpacks the trunks and sees that the dressing table is supplied with paints, wigs, combs and other needful articles. In the European theaters the dresser seldom or never acts, though he is often an actor who has been forced off from the stage by illness, lameness or loss of voice. He is generally prompt, quiet, a little obsequious and hopeful of tips at the end of a run or of a season.—New York Sun.

They Did Not Go to Sleep.

"The itinerary of a Methodist minister may have its unpleasant features," remarked a well known divine to a newspaper man yesterday, "but it has its advantages too.

"There is one little dried up Scotchman who used to be on the southern Ohio conference list who never failed to get even with his congregation. At one station he fared badly, and on the last evening he addressed the church he began, as all settled back to listen with ease:

"'Now, brethren,' he said, 'it is not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done until I get alang wi' my sermon. This is my last one—so wait a wee till I get alang, and then if I'm nat worth hearing sleep awa' wi' ye, and I will not care, but dinnat go before I ha' commenced. Gi' me this one chance!'

"And they were all pretty well awake by that time, so he went on:

"'I shall take for my last text amang ye the two strong words "Know thyself," but I will say before I begin the main discourse that I would nat advise this congregation to make many such profitless acquaintances!'

"You may believe that there was not a snore or a nod in the house that evening."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Prompt and Effective.

Detroit has a bachelor of the compulsory sort, but Detroit won't have him long. He has been disappointed so many times that lately he has been almost impetuous in his attentions. She is a widow and an improvement on all her predecessors in his heart. The matter was settled a week ago in a rather roundabout way. They had been talking on woman in general.

"So you think," he said, "that woman is prone to jump at a conclusion?"

"I certainly do," she responded earnestly.

"And you are like all the others?"

"I hope so."

A great thought came to him then. "Would I were a conclusion," he sighed, with such a sigh that within five minutes two hearts were consolidated.—Detroit Free Press.

Dancing and Early Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it will seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But, in truth, the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts.—David J. Hill in Popular Science Monthly.

Outpost Duty In the Russian Army.

In the German army every soldier is taught to act intelligently on outpost service and in scouting operations, and this is not too much to require in a country where every soldier reads and writes and can readily understand a map and compass. In Russia, however, where nine-tenths of the people cannot read or write and have lost the faculty of thinking consecutively, the army cannot teach the soldier much more than to move as with a machine. In order to have a force of good men for picket work and advance skirmishing they have adopted this plan:

Each company sends four of its most intelligent men to a select body called the scouting corps, and as the Russian regiment has four battalions, with four companies each, that gives a regimental scout force of 64. This service is very popular, for it is full of variety, and though the hardship is great the food is good, for hunting and fishing are in the programme. The men are practiced in every kind of woodcraft and are expected to develop as much ingenuity and self reliance as an Indian scout in our service. They must sail, row, swim, climb, find their way by map and compass, slip through the enemy's lines, procure every variety of information and escape capture at all hazards.—Poultney Bigelow in Harper's.

Over the Telephone.

He—Hullo.
She—Hullo.
He—Is that you, Miss Barker?
She—Yes. I'm me. Who is this?
He—Shall you be at home this evening?
She—That depends on who you are. Who are you?
He—Don't you recognize my voice?
She—I don't know. It sounds like Charlie Higgins' voice. Are you Charlie Higgins?
He—No. I'm not Charlie Higgins. I am Mr. Browne.
She—Jimmy Browne?
He—No. George.
She—Yes, I'm home. Are you coming around?
He—I don't know. Shall I?
She—Oh, I don't care. Very glad to see you if you come.
He—Then I'll be there about 8.
She—All right. Come early.
He—Yes—er—do you think you'd care to go to the theater with my mother and me?
She—I don't know.
He—Well—if you'll say you'll go, I'll stop on the way up and get the tickets.
She—Well—I—I can't say, Mr. Browne. I don't think I—I don't think I can, but—hullo—say, George, you might get the tickets anyway.—Harper's Bazar.

An "Office Cat" Worth Having.

A parsonage cat whose favorite seat is on the study table has found a new use for himself. He watches his master's pen and occasionally, when the writer is tired, takes the holder in his mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paperweight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper. As soon as another is laid aside, he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down on different parts of the table sheets in rapid succession. But "Powhatan"—the cat—remains seated, shrewdly supposing that to be fun, not business. When work begins anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.—St. Nicholas.